

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DEAR UNITY:

Dear Lord of the Christmas!—we cried in the night—
Thy birthday is here; and the most blessed rite
That honors it, makes it and keeps it so dear—
Forever the gladdest glad day of the year—
Is giving of gifts: But so poor, Lord, are we
That gave we our uttermost hardly would be
One farthing for each of all those we love dearly
And long to make happy with presents sincerely
Expressing, in tokens of beauty and worth,
Our love—and our joy on this day of thy birth.
'Tis hard to be poor, Lord, hard always indeed,
But Christmas! the gift day! 'Tis then we feel need!"
"Hush!—whispered the Comforter, swift, in Compassion—
"How much of your longing hath root in the fashion?
Loved ye with the true love that *hallows* this day—
That love which is life and the truth and the way—
Were ye *poor in spirit*—unheeding the voice
Of pride with its promptings—now would ye rejoice
In riches exhaustless—by giving increased—
The wealth of free souls by that spirit released.
The Lord of the Christmas was poorer than you
In Earthly possessions—had naught, it is true—
Nor Money, Nor Credit—not even, he said,
A place on the Earth where he might lay his head—
Yet gave he to all men a gift that's above
All others in value—gave simply his love!
Give love to your loved ones, all else it is worth;
Vain else were your giving though ye owned the earth."

'Tis beautiful doctrine—so sigh we today
We'll try, Lord, to rise to its Comfort—but *they*?
Will they understand it and feel an uplift
From love *such as ours*—with no Christmas gift.
Aye, you at least will! I know you of old!
And—love that *holds on*, you hold better than gold!
So here's "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"
With simple (plain *human*) love, "Unity," dear!

Iowa City, Ia., Christmas, 1905.

— T. H. EVERTS.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1905.

NUMBER 17

He Knoweth Best.

Deep grief flooded me,—
Heart, soul, man;
I said "I cannot live,"—
God said "You can."
Care's hand threw me down,—
Prone in the dust;
I said "I cannot rise,"—
God said "You must."
Listless, inert, I lay,—
Hope, Joy, passed by;
God whispered "Strive for me"—
I said "I'll try."
So I arose, and live,—
Strive with the rest;
Joy, even, calls sometimes:—
God knew the best!

ALTHA A. OGDEN.

The English-reading friends of Victor Hugo will look with eagerness for a translation of "Victor Hugo at Guernsey" by Paul Stapfer, which is said to contain much direct information concerning the religious belief of the great democrat. The *Literary Digest* says,—“No Curé of Brittany was more fiercely inimical to the infidelity and materialism that were beginning to assert their sway in France in his time.” In this book it is said that he deplored the dividing of the universe into three zones—"heaven, earth and hell" and the other,—dividing time into three periods,—“an anterior nothingness, this life and future eternity.” These protests are in the interest of faith, the faith in present sanctity, continuous inspiration and to nature and man as embodiments of divine realities.

Prof. Shailer Matthews, Dean of the Theological Department of the University of Chicago, of all prominent university men that have come under our notice in this connection, has spoken the most fearless, decisive and to our mind just words concerning the football craze that obtains at college centers. We agree with Professor Matthews in believing that the only remedy for the vices and dangers of the arena and the lying and gambling connected therewith is complete excision. Cut it off. We want not an ameliorated football, but a liberation from foot-ball. It is the brutal game of the hunting, killing, fighting man which it is the object of culture to eliminate. Of course, there is an heroic element in it, but it is the lower heroism and its virility is the virility of the bull fight. Let us have done with it; there is a better way of giving sound bodies to sound minds and there are higher things to live for.

Dr. Francis G. Peabody of Harvard, in his recent work—"Jesus Christ and the Christian Character"—calls the ethical culture movement "Suppressed theism"—to our mind, an apt characterization. In order to escape the dogmatism and the crude, not to say

false philosophy that perforce must needs use the words "God," "soul," "immortality," yield to the aspirations in prayer, our ethical friends have in the main avoided the use of words and have been distrustful of forms, but when the hold of dogma is broken and superstition is found out, the soul of man will rejoice in the poetry which ever represents the higher facts involved in these words and practices. To believe in ethics is to believe in an ordered universe; to insist on ethics is to believe in continuous life and to seek the enlargement of this life and the better adjustment to the divine force is prayer; and when the effort is helped by words and deeds are formulated and encouraged by phrases, then words and phrases have their justification and their necessity.

The revelation made in the *Evening Post* as quoted in the *Literary Digest* for December 3d, concerning college students' reading is a significant indication of the dangers of the maturer life that has passed beyond the college years. The college youth has no time for Thackeray or George Eliot, but he knows Kipling and loves Jack London; poetry is neglected; even "Barrack Room Ballads" and the "Seven Seas" are neglected. The *Post* thinks that there is no turn of affairs "so long as the athletic ideal is dominant, and this ideal is itself the logical issue of American commercialism." If this is true of young men and women in college, it is truer of them after they have come out. Even the women's club movement that began with the high purpose of stimulating study has come to contribute to the "touch and go" and superficial methods. Twenty years ago women's clubs studied Herbert Spencer; they read George Eliot, Goethe and Dante, but now they rush to lectures about Faust and the Divine Comedy, the English novel, modern poetry, etc., etc., and are too apt to be content with this second-hand information concerning the masterpieces and the masters of literature.

The South Park Commissioners of Chicago are in danger of suffering from a distressing attack of esthetics. A descendant of Dr. Samuel Guthrie, one of the discoverers of chloroform, is anxious to place a mighty boulder weighing forty tons, measuring some eleven feet long and ten feet high, on the Lake Front in commemoration of the great discovery. This forty-ton boulder has been brought to the city at considerable expense and it is proposed to place it in the park without cost. But the committee is afraid that this "big stone" will not look well, and they resent the plebeian intrusion. Perhaps the court will have to decide whether or not this stone is pretty enough to go into the park. A few weeks ago this

same commission had an artistic spasm which essayed to fence the whole South Park,—one reason for which was that the public made unsightly foot-paths through the shrubbery. The great glacier planted in this prairie state by the great ice plow in prehistoric times may not be as pretty as a spring bonnet, but it might have scientific suggestiveness and memorial significance that would prove of great interest and benefit to the coming generations in the city of Chicago. We believe in æsthetics, but the Park Commissioners of Chicago may over-do the thing: "Æsthete" is an adjective of doubtful connotation.

In the death of Mrs. Jane Amy McKinney, which occurred recently in Cleveland, Ohio, the cause of woman's enfranchisement, of education, particularly kindergarten education, and UNITY have lost a devoted friend, one who gave her life heroically to the propaganda represented by these interests. Her public career began as a teacher in or near Cleveland. Forty years of her married life were spent in Iowa. She was a charter member of the Unity Society at this place; a familiar figure at the sessions of the state legislature when progressive interests were at stake. For some time she was intimately connected with the kindergarten interests of Chicago, a full course in training for which she took after she was fifty years old. Her mantle has worthily fallen upon the shoulders of her only daughter, Miss Mabel McKinney, who is supervisor of public kindergartens in Cleveland, the city of her girlhood. She was a yoke-fellow of Mrs. Livermore, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, a friend of the colored man, a fearless thinker in the realms of morals and religion. The funeral word was spoken by her pastor, Rev. Margaret Olmstead and the material part was given quick restoration to the nature to which it belonged, by cremation. A strong, earnest, tireless worker has fallen out of the ranks. May there be others who will hasten to fill the gap.

The day after Christmas brought its sad list of Christmas tree catastrophes. The fluffy Santa Claus and the resinous pine with the gauze and tissue paper connected therewith brought their usual crop of victories. Is it not possible now to take a second thought sufficiently serious that it may eliminate these dangers out of the Christmas merry makings of 1906? At All Souls Church for many years the tree with its combustible attractions has been eliminated and the gift-getting has been so far as possible transformed into a gift-giving and the thought and worship side of the Christmas season have been emphasized. This year the classes brought their gifts for the less favored on Thursday afternoon. On Saturday afternoon Miss Evelyn Walker's "Christmas in Olden Times and in Many Lands" was delightfully rendered in proper costume and over one hundred crippled children were the honored invited guests. These unfortunate little ones were accompanied by their teachers and brought in the public school wagons whose business it is to gather them every morning to the public school room set

apart for their education and comfort, and to return them in the evening. After their enjoyment of the spectacle, which was sufficiently thought-laden to make the whole company quiet and considerate, each was given a cornucopia filled with sweetness. On Sunday morning in place of the regular sermon, the same Christmas Festival service which has been used for eighteen or more consecutive Christmases was used without loss of impressiveness. Christmas, like the Fourth of July, must needs be rescued from the hands of its friends and rehabilitated with something of its primitive significance and sanctity if it is to contribute to the growing life of coming generations. Self-effacement not self-advancement is the becoming spirit of Christmas.

A Righteous Judge.

CHICAGO'S GREAT CHANCELLOR IS DEAD!

At noon on Christmas Day Judge Murray F. Tuley, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, breathed his last at the sanitarium in Kenosha. Up to within a few weeks he had kept his place upon the bench, an embodiment of judicial wisdom, civic righteousness and manly tenderness,—a gentleman of the old school; one of the few men who on occasion could vacate the bench and take his place upon the political platform without smirching the ermine or lowering his judicial dignity. Whether as citizen, alderman, attorney, versatile committeeman or as judge, he was ever the same respected citizen and honored leader.

Chicago has truly lost its Grand Old Man, the Dean of the Bench, its foremost citizen.

We go to press too soon to speak of the funeral tributes and the honor shown to his memory by a mourning city. The funeral services were private, at his late residence, on Wednesday morning, James Vila Blake and the Senior Editor of UNITY having charge of the exercises. Next Sunday at half-past three o'clock a memorial meeting will be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, over which William Kent will preside. Addresses will be made by Mayor Dunne, Miss Jane Addams, Hon. Sigmund Zeisler, S. S. Gregory and the Pastor of All Souls Church, of which Judge Tuley was a regular supporter and while his strength permitted was a regular attendant.

UNITY extends sympathy to the faithful companion who for fifty-five years has been indeed a veritable helpmeet, and commends the example of Judge Tuley to the young men, not only of Chicago but of the nation. Born in Kentucky, he found a home in Chicago when but twelve years of age. The enthusiasm of the Mexican war swept the young man into a military experience. He began the practice of law on the frontier, in Santa Fe, immediately after the close of the Mexican war, but in due time he came to his own. He has been an acknowledged factor in whatever has been noblest, broadest, highest, in the life of Chicago for more than half a century. He was a great man, as good as he was great, as modest as he was good and great.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?

Malachi 2:10.

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, FIELD SECRETARY,

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

It Hath Been Said.

"You cannot put new wine into old bottles."

The world is slowly coming to see that no matter how far it pushes on in the pathway of progress, there is One who has anticipated its needs and marked out a highway for its on-going. One does not need a seer or prophet to reveal to him the signs and the tokens of a new day that is at the dawning. No one with eyes and ears open can miss the streaks up the eastern sky or fail to hear the religious world voicing its new truth—or its old truth in newer, diviner language. Jesus was, and is, the great Reformer and the great Pilgrim too, leading His followers "upward, onward ever" to "keep abreast of Truth."

No matter how far apart men may be in their philosophies or theologies, the converging lines of their pathways unto God will bring them nearer together as they approach nearer to Him. All about us are men and women with their faces turned toward the light and with the inspiration and courage of their visions, determined to follow on where Truth leads them. An occasional record will be made in these columns of some steps of progress that may be helpful to hasten the day, when in all our churches character shall be more than creed, righteousness more than ritual, and the test of discipleship—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

The days of mere criticism and iconoclasm have gone by and the time for reconstruction and for Christ-like authority is at hand. Nor is there lacking the frequent effort to make new wine skins for the new wine and to learn the new duties taught by new occasions. Last week the editor of this column was a member of a representative Council of Congregational Churches, which unanimously approved and heartily commended a statement of Faith that was decidedly modern in its point of view, and virtually revolutionary as regards the older theology, but was Christ-like in every attitude. We print below the creed recently adopted by the Congregational church of Flint, Michigan, and formally approved by the Congregational Association to which that church belongs. Our readers will be interested to see some signs of progress here.

C. A. O.

NAME OF CHURCH.

The name of this Church shall be "The Congregational Church, of Flint, Michigan."

Doctrine

Recognizing deeply the importance of knowledge of the truth of matters of religion, and seeking, by the divine guidance, to know the truth; we recognize also that it is not given to all Christians to agree precisely in matters of religious belief. We are also "very confident that the Lord hath more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word."

For these reasons we declare that the basis of our membership shall not consist in the assent to any creed, but in profession of faith in God and entrance into a covenant of Christian fellowship as hereinafter provided.

Believing, however, that right thinking is of great importance to right living, and in order that there may be a clear understanding of those things which are most commonly received among us, and which we aim to teach; we set forth, not as a test but as a testimony, the following Statement of Belief.

STATEMENT OF BELIEF.

Of the Being of God

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, who is over all and in all, whose greatness is unsearchable.

Of the Revelation of God

We believe that God has revealed and is revealing himself in divers manners:

1. In nature, animating and governing the world.
2. In prophets and holy men, now and of old, and in Jesus Christ, in whom, above all, we see God dwelling in man, the Fatherhood and love of God revealed.
3. In our own hearts, as an indwelling Holy Spirit, working in us both to will and to work for his good pleasure.

But, though he thus variously reveals himself, he is ever one and the same God, the God of Righteousness, Mercy and Truth, or in one word, the God of Love.

Of the Scriptures

We believe that the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's highest revelation of himself to men of old; hence, they are to be diligently studied as our great guide to the knowledge of him.

Of Man

We believe that man is so made in the likeness of God that he may know love and serve him and enjoy him forever; and that only as he enters into this service of love does he come to the fullness of his own life.

Of Sin

We believe that all men of their own free will have sinned and come short of the purpose of God in their lives. Unless they turn from their sin, they are estranged from God and their sin works out its own punishment, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Of Atonement

We believe that God would have every man turn from his selfishness and sin into a life of love and service, and that his revelation of himself is ever working to that end. But men have not always been willing to receive the truth, so that many prophets and righteous men have died for the sins of others. The supreme instance of this vicarious sacrifice in its purity is in Jesus Christ, who died that men might live. The need of such sacrifice has not ceased and it is the highest test and greatest privilege of the Christian to have fellowship with Christ's sufferings.

Of Repentance and Justification by Faith.

We believe that those who would come unto God must come in repentance, heartily turning from their sins, and in faith committing themselves unto him; and that those who thus come receive the forgiveness of their sins and become children of God, in the full sense.

Of Sanctification

We believe that those who have thus come to God grow in moral and spiritual character by obedience to the truth and through fellowship with him, and with those who love him, prayer and the study of God's revelation of himself being efficient aids thereto.

The evidence of this fellowship with God, and the fruit of it, is a life of devotion to his service. This service is not asceticism nor self-repression, but the highest freedom and abundant life. And, though men fall into temptation, yet if they turn again in repentance they are forgiven.

Of the Kingdom of God

We believe that the highest expression of God's purpose among men is the Kingdom or Reign of God, as declared unto us by Jesus Christ, the reign of truth and love, righteousness and peace, which shall finally prevail over all the earth; that we are to work for the establishment of this Kingdom, not only by seeking the conversion of individuals but by promoting righteousness between social classes and all that makes for beauty and holiness.

Of the Church

We believe that those who have this common purpose are united in a bond of brotherhood, or invisible and spiritual Church, and that it is their duty to associate themselves in Churches, for the declaration of their purpose, the maintenance of public worship, the promotion of spiritual growth and fellowship, and for the conversion of men.

These Churches, under divine guidance and in fellowship with one another, may determine—each for itself—their organization, statements of belief and forms of worship; may appoint and set apart their own minister and should co-operate for the furtherance of the gospel throughout the world.

Of Church Ordinances

We believe in the observance of the Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship; in the ministry of the Word, though maintaining that all have access to God without mediatorial or priestly intervention; and in the observance of baptism and the Lord's supper as helpful memorial rites and sacraments.

Baptism we regard as the sign of cleansing from sin and of consecration to God; or, when administered to infants, as the dedication to God by parents or guardians of the infants under their care, in recognition that those brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord grow up as children of God, and in faith that when they are grown they will fulfill the hope of this dedication. Any form of baptism which preserves the significance of the rite may be used at the discretion of those desiring its celebration.

The Lord's supper we regard as the memorial of Christ's death for mankind and as the symbol of our union and communion with him and with one another.

Of the Life to Come

We believe in the life to come as a reasonable, religious and holy hope; that the same laws of justice and mercy, righteousness and love obtain there as here; and that such character as we have acquired here goes with us into the hereafter, so that those who walked with God here shall find a more blessed walk with him hereafter, while those who have refused to walk with him must still find themselves apart from him. The final outcome we do not attempt to determine, beyond our belief that God's justice will be vindicated and yet his purpose of love fulfilled.

Of More Truth.

We believe that we are far from knowing all that is to be known concerning God, and that it is the duty of Christians to seek, continually, reverently, fearlessly and in the light of the most approved methods of research, for more truth concerning him; being confident that any apparent conflict is due to our imperfect apprehension, and that all truth is one, as God is one.

Getting Something For Nothing.

What is a worthy aim of life for a man? Is it to receive without rendering a full equivalent? Does any really high-minded man want to get more than he gives? What do we call a man who, in business matters, obtains what he makes no proper return for? We call him a rogue or a swindler. Is it worse to be a rogue or a swindler in business than in other things? Is it more criminal to rob a man than to rob society? Or to rob in matters which the law takes cognizance of than in matters which it does not? Says a distinguished and honored statesman: "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is that in which he first consciously cherishes the desire to get something for nothing." History bears out the saying as true. Such a young man has set his foot on a downward road. No human being, at least no one that has health and strength, has any right to want to get something for nothing. He who cherishes such a desire is nourishing in himself either the pauper or the criminal habit of mind. He who, being able to support himself, is willing to be supported by another, is in spirit a pauper. He who is willing to get a living by any practice or business, no matter how legal it may be, which does not involve the rendering of a just and full equivalent for what he receives, is at heart a criminal; all that he lacks is either the opportunity or the courage to make him a criminal de facto.

Here lies the greatest evil of lotteries and gambling. It is not so much that men lose such or such sums of money. That is bad enough. But the worst evil lies in the demoralizing and degrading influence of what is done on men's characters. It lies in the fact that gambling and lotteries cultivate in men a willingness and a desire to obtain something for nothing; to get something that is not rightly theirs; to gain possession of money which they have not earned, and for which they render no just equivalent. That spirit always and everywhere undermines the integrity and rots the moral fiber of the man or woman who harbors it.

We often find success in life measured by what men get or accumulate, without reference to the return they make to society. No standard of measure could be more false. It is the standard of the robber.

Are we to call that man successful who, by his financial shrewdness, masses millions and does nothing with his wealth to benefit the world? Rather should we call his life a lamentable and disgraceful failure.

Are we to call that man successful who has found a lucrative sinecure—a place with large pay but with little or nothing to do and little or no service to render to anybody? Rather ought we to pity any man and pray God to have mercy on his poor, poverty-stricken, selfish soul, who desires any such pauper place. A true man wants to pay for all he gets in this world; he is not a mendicant. The kind of place a real man seeks is one of activity, of influence, of achievement, of service, where he can be something better than a leech living on the blood of others. He wants to do his proper part—his own, right, strong part—in the world's work. He wants to be of some use. He wants to lend a hand in assuaging the world's sorrows, righting its wrongs, and bringing for humanity a better day. No one who is a man can for one moment be willing to be a pauper, or a parasite, or a cipher, much less a robber.

The only rule of action that is for a moment worthy of a true man is not to give as little as he can but as much as he can; not to give merely as much as he receives, but more. He who is really a man desires to make some positive contribution to the world's advance. He is not content to leave the world as good as he found it; he wants to leave it better than he found it.—*J. T. Sunderland, Toronto, Canada.*

A Song of Gladness for the Year.

"A glad new year"—is word of cheer,
With meaning wise for youth and age;
It means the days to us are dear,
And bravely should our powers engage;
There's noble work in time to come,
And friends there are to help and bless;
There's beauty waiting in the home,
And finding out life's loveliness;
There's everything of hope and cheer—
To make this year a glad new year!

We start with faces to the sun,
We walk in rising of its light;
A day in duty well begun
Will end in blessing at the night;
And days are given one by one,
To be so counted all the time;
And as they come and still run on—
They speak to us a poet's rhyme,
They say to us in accents clear,
"We make at last the perfect year!"

And we are choosers of our fate,
To make our fortune dark or fair;
Time like a slave will on us wait,
If master like we do and dare;
All things are servants of the man,
And life demands a noble mood;
To carry out this hero plan,
Should be our constant attitude;
It fills our life with music dear,
And gives our hearts a glad new year!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Happy Warrior.

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife.
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

—Wordsworth.

THE PULPIT.

Peter Halket.

A SERMON FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF HENRY M. SIMMONS.

This morning, instead of a sermon, I simply try to retell that story of a modern vision of Christ, which is the subject of one of Olive Schreiner's books. It is about a British trooper, Peter Halket, who was serving in South Africa. It seemed a very proper subject for the pulpit,—for it is mainly a vision of Christ,—and in my opinion quite a true vision. Probably many of you have read it, but I am sure you will excuse me for telling it, though in condensing a whole volume in a sermon, I shall of course have to mar it much, and tell it mainly in my own words. Peter Halket was serving, not in the recent war with the Boers, but in one of the various previous ones with the natives. He had one day been out with a company of scouts, but had become separated from them and lost among the hills and thickets, so that he had to spend that night alone. He was not alarmed,—for he knew he should find his company next day;—but he had a little fear of the night. Not much fear of the natives,—for by the thorough work of the British soldiers, the natives' encampments or kraals "had been destroyed and their granaries burnt for thirty miles around, and they themselves had fled." But he feared the lions,—and so dragged logs and stumps to the top of a kopje, or little hill, and built a fire to frighten them off, and besides, he had some vague fear of he knew not what, for like most soldiers, he was somewhat superstitious. But he made the best of it, summoned his courage and, with gun lying ready cocked beside him, settled down to keep the fire and to watch out the night.

Naturally enough, under the circumstances, he "fell to thinking,"—a thing he did not often do,—for the business of soldiers is not to think but to obey orders, and leave the thinking to other people. But that night he had to do some himself. So Peter Halket had some unusual thoughts that night. He thought of his life here in Africa, and of the various things that had happened in the dealing of the soldiers with the natives. He thought of his good mother, away off in her English village, and of all the tenderness she had shown him, working so hard at her washtub to provide for him. He thought of the good lessons she and others had taught him,—and among the rest of the lessons about the gentle and loving Jesus, who had given his life to save men. He thought how he would like to give his mother a good home in London,—and how he would like to become *rich, very rich*. He decided he would do it. When he had served out his time as soldier, he would make money here in South Africa;—for see how Cecil Rhodes and other Englishmen of that chartered company were making their millions. The natives would soon "have all their land taken away from them," and "the Chartered Company would pass a law that they had to work for the white men,"—and *he* "would make them work for him" and get rich;—and he would start a mining company of his own, and run up the shares, and then sell them out to other people just before the collapse, and so become immensely rich and happy. So Peter's thoughts ran on. And as the night advanced, they took a still dreamier turn, and became quite confused, as he grew more drowsy. The blazing fire before him seemed to turn into the fire with which he and other soldiers had burned the natives' grain, after carrying away all they could,—and the crackling of

the fire turned into the reports of the Maxim guns which they turned upon the kraals, or into the shrieks of the women and children within them, or into the sound of the dynamite;—and the Maxim gun got confused in his mind with the reaping machine which he used to work in England,—only it left the ground strewn, not with bunches of grain, but with black men. Then he thought of the black woman, "young and pretty," whom he and another man once found alone in the bush and how kind they had been to her. They did not kill her, as they would have done if she had been a man, and though they did treat her in a way that would have been very criminal in England,—why, South Africa was very different from England, and a black girl very different from a white, and soldiers must be allowed to have their fun, and this opening up of heathen lands to the blessings of civilization could not be carried on in the gentle spirit which his mother had taught him, and which he had learned in the stories of Jesus.

Still the habits of this soldier life troubled Peter's conscience a little, as he thought of them in the lonely night, and as he sat there, half asleep, and considerably frightened in the wierd silence, he was suddenly startled by hearing footsteps coming up the side of the hill. He seized his gun and cried, "Who's there?" "A friend," replied a voice, and there rose into sight "the tall figure of a man, clad in a loose linen garment," with long, dark hair, but with head and feet bare, and without weapons of any kind. It was a vision of Christ, though of course the book never calls him so,—but only "the stranger," and quite a stranger indeed he proved to be to the things we call Christian. "Lost your way, I suppose," said Peter, his fears being now quieted by the peaceful look of the visitor. "No," said the latter, "I have come to sit beside your fire for a while." Halket saw he was no Englishman or South African, and finally said: "One of the Soudanese, I suppose, that Cecil Rhodes brought with him from the north?" "No," said Christ, "Cecil Rhodes has had nothing to do with my coming." "Are you a Jew?" finally asked Halket. "Yes, I am a Jew." "Trading here, I suppose?" "Are you a Spanish Jew?" "I am a Jew of Palestine." "Ah!" said Halket, "I have not seen many from that part yet. I've seen Barnato and Beit and many of those rich Jews, but they are not very much like you. . . . In the employ of the Chartered Company, I suppose?" "No," said the stranger, "I have nothing to do with the Chartered Company." "No wonder, then," said Halket, "that things aren't looking very smart with you." There was no fortune for those who did not belong to the company; the big-wigs got all the favors,—and the poor troopers had a hard time of it. Still, he rather liked it. There was a good deal in favor of that South African soldier life. "It's better fun having these black women than whites. The whites you have got to support,—but the niggers support you! And when you have done with them, you can just get rid of them. Do you like the nigger women?" "I love all women," said the stranger, folding his arms about his knees. "O, you do, do you?" said Halket; "well, I'm pretty sick of them. I had bother enough with mine." And then he went on to tell of one in particular, a very fine one, who used to work his garden for him, and raise their food and much for him to sell besides, and to whom he was very kind and did not even strike her, so that "it was the talk of all the fellows round"; but after all this kindness she ran away from him and back to her black husband and two children,—"she did not want to leave them, or some nonsense of that

sort—you know what these niggers are—they have no hearts—they had rather go back to a black man, however well you have treated them." And so Halket ran on, telling his experience with the natives, male and female,—while the stranger sat in silence as if not hearing him. "Did you see any yesterday?" said Halket. "Yes," said the stranger, "I saw an old woman in a cave over yonder, and one man in the bush, ten miles from this spot. He has lived there six weeks, since you destroyed their kraal, living on roots or herbs. He was wounded and left for dead. He is waiting till you have all left this part of the country, so that he may safely set out to follow his own people." "Did you speak to him?" said Halket. "Yes," said Christ, "I helped him down to the water to drink."

"It's a lucky thing for you our fellows did not catch you," said Halket. "Our captain would shoot you as soon as look at you, if he saw you fooling round with a wounded nigger. . . . Did you hear of the spree they had up Bulwayo way, hanging those three niggers for spies? . . . They made them jump down from the tree and hang themselves; one fellow would not jump till they gave him a charge of buck-shot in the back—and then he caught hold of a branch with his hands, and they had to shoot 'em loose."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I was beside the men when they were shot." "Why, you seem to have been everywhere," said Halket. "Have you seen Cecil Rhodes? . . . He's death on niggers, is Rhodes, and he lets you do what you like with them, provided you don't get him into trouble."

Through all this talk the stranger sat very calm and quiet, but he suddenly started. "What," said Peter, "do you hear anything?" "Yes," replied he, "I hear far off the sound of weeping, and the sound of blows, and I hear the voices of men and women calling to me." And then he began to question Halket. "If you should gain all this wealth you wish, what would it profit you?" "Profit," said Halket, "why it would profit everything. What makes Beit and Rhodes and Barnato so great?" Said the stranger, "Are they so great? Who of the souls you have seen on earth is to you greatest and fairest?" "But," said Halket, "we weren't talking of souls, we were talking of money. Of course, if it comes to souls, my mother's the best person I have ever seen. But what does it help her? She's got to stand washing clothes for those stuck-up nincompoops of fine ladies. Great without money? You might as well say that you were as great as Cecil Rhodes or a king." "Yet," said the stranger, "there have been kings born in stables." "They don't get born so now," replied Halket. "Why, if God Almighty came to this city and had not half a million in shares, they would not think much of Him. A man, to be anything, must own a lot of land." "But who gives him the land?" said the stranger. "Why, the Chartered Company." "And who gave it to them?" "Why, England, of course." "But who gave the land to the people of England?" "Why, they said it was theirs, and of course it was." "And did England own the natives, too?" "Certainly,—what else could be done with them? Besides they are only a lot of good for nothing rebels." "What is a rebel?" asked the stranger. "Well," said Halket, "you must have lived out of the world if you do not know what a rebel is. He is a man who fights against his king and his country. And these natives are rebels because they are fighting against us," continued Halket, firmly reseating himself upon the South African earth, which two years before he had never heard of. "But," said the stranger, "are all rebels who oppose their conquerors

—are the Armenians rebels, because they are fighting against the Turks, who conquered their land and have been their rulers for nearly a thousand years?" "Why, no," said Halket; "that is very different; the Armenians are not rebels; they are on our side, are friends of the English, besides the Armenians are Christians like us." "Are you Christians?" said the stranger with an indignant scorn at the thought of these robbers and murderers calling themselves by his name. "Why, of course we are!" said Halket. "We're all Christians, we English." "What is a Christian?" said the stranger. "Well, now," said Halket, "you really do ask such curious questions. A Christian is a man who believes in heaven and hell, and God and the Bible, and in Jesus Christ, that He will save him—and if he *believes* he will be saved, he *will* be saved." "But here, in this world, what is a Christian?" said the stranger. "Why," said Halket, "I'm a Christian—we English are all Christians."

Then Halket asked him about his own religious sympathies, and what nation he was particularly "in with." "I am no more with one people than with another," replied the stranger. "The Englishman is no more to me than the Chinese. I have heard the black infant cry as it crept on its mother's body and sought for her breast as she lay killed in the roadway. I have heard also the rich man's child wail in the palace. I hear all cries. . . . I belong to the most vast of all companies on earth. We have among us men of every race and from every land; we have men of every religion, Buddhists, Mahometans, Confucians, Christians, Jews. It matters nothing to us by what name the man is named, so he be one of us. Though so different in nationality and color and religious custom, there is a sign by which we all know one another, and by which all the world may know us."

"Are there any of your company in this city," asked Halket? "Yes," replied the stranger, "in the cave off there were two native women who escaped when you soldiers tried to blow them up, and they had between them a basketful of grain which escaped when you carried away and burnt up the rest. Yet the old woman gave all the food to the younger, who had a child, and sent her away for safety—and has herself been starving ever since, and will die tonight at half-past three. She, that heathen old woman, is one of our company. Then there was a rich prospector, a rough man who drank and swore,—but who was always kind to his many servants, and helped them in their trouble,—and when he was shot one day one of those black servants gave his own life also trying to protect and save his master. Both those men, master and servant, were of our company," said Christ. "Then there was a preacher 'in a city in the old colony'—of small stature and weak voice—but he used it boldly every Sunday to rebuke the wrongs that were done in South Africa by the English conquerors and capitalists against the natives. The rich people of course forsook him, the respectable forsook him, finally his very wife forsook him, because, instead of rebuking old Herod and Pontius Pilate and preaching to please the sinners and bring profit to himself, he exposed their sins and kept himself poor. He was one of our company," said Christ. "Well," said Halket, "at least he did not die." "It is easier to die," replied the stranger, "it is easier for a man to die than to *stand alone* against the public scorn, and 'he who can stand alone can also, when need be, die.'"

So free from all the old religious or racial boundary lines was this company which Christ

preached in the vision, not indeed that it was at all lacking in love for one's own nation and flag, but it showed that love by seeking to make them just. Said that preacher, "I love my nation as a man loves his own soul, and I would that our banner blazoned with the words 'justice and mercy' might protect oppressed people everywhere; but the 'pirate flag' which some men now wave in its place, must be torn down' wherever it has been raised." But beyond all national or religious lines the stranger traced this company of his, in all who tried to help the right or each other. He traced it through all human history, back to the time when man hardly yet stood erect. He traced it even before men to the geologic days "when the dicy-nodont bent yearningly over her young, and when the extinct birds, whose foot-prints are only found in the rocks each 'called with love to his mate'; even in those days when man was not, the fore-dawn of this diviner kingdom had broken on the earth." Ever since then that kingdom had been increasing, little by little, and would continue to increase until it should conquer the earth and the day should come when the sun should nowhere "see man crushed by his fellows," "neither shall they learn war any more." "Even in South Africa," added the stranger, "where today the cries of the wounded and the curses of revenge ring in the air, where man creeps to wound his fellow in the dark, where a little gold is worth a thousand souls, and the vultures are heavy with human flesh—even here that day shall come, and 'on the spot where we now stand shall be raised a temple,' where men shall gather, not to worship that which *divides*, but to unite in help for one another, and 'the place shall be holy,' for inhabitant and stranger, white and black, all shall say, 'are we not brethren and the sons of one father.'"

So did Christ continue to talk about his company, and won by the words of the stranger, Trooper Halket was converted at last, and said: "I would like to be one of your men." "Can you bear the weight?" asked the stranger. "Give me work, that I may try," replied the trooper. "Take, then," said the stranger, after a silence, "Peter Halket; take a message to England. Go to that great people and cry aloud, 'Where is the great power that was given to you that "you might enforce justice and deal out mercy?" Why have you given it into the hands of men whose search is gold, whose thirst is wealth, to whom men's souls and bodies are counters in a game?" "Master," replied Halket, "I cannot give that message; I am a poor, unlearned man, and they would cry, 'Who is this who comes preaching to a great people? Is not his mother with us and a washerwoman? and was not his father a day-laborer at two shillings a day?' and they would laugh me to scorn."

"Then," said the stranger, "take a message to the men and women of this land. Go through it 'from the Zambesi to the sea.' Show to the black men of every tribe and to the white men of every nation that their quarrels are only destroying themselves, and only enriching the capitalists from abroad." "But how can I declare it?" replied the trooper. "The Dutchmen will not listen to me, because I am an Englishman, and the Englishmen will say, 'Who is this fellow who comes preaching peace when he has not a share in a single company and has made no money.'"

"Then," said the stranger, "take a message to one man, one rich ruler of the city! (Cecil Rhodes of course). Say to him, 'Where are the souls of the men that you have bought?' and if he shall curse you and say, 'I have eight millions of money, and I

care neither for God nor man—there is not one man or woman in South Africa I cannot buy with my money; and when I have the Transvaal I shall buy God Almighty himself, if I care to,' then say to him this one thing only: 'Thy money perish with thee!' and leave him." "Master," replied Halket, "I dare not take that message. I who had the same hunger for money myself, and have been so faulty myself in many ways."

"Then," said the stranger, "a still harder task I give you. In that small spot where alone on earth your will rules, bring there into being the kingdom today. Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Walk ever forward, looking not to the right hand or to the left. *Heed not what men shall say of you.* Aid the oppressed, deliver the captive." With these words a new warmth and gladness stole over Peter, as when in childhood his mother folded him in her arms. He looked up and saw the stranger departing—his form seeming to grow larger and larger as he descended the hill—a pale light seeming to rest upon his head as he vanished.

Trooper Peter Halket was henceforth a new man; following what Christ had taught him in the vision—opposing all cruelty and wrong to the natives, practising kindness. Naturally his companions thought he was rather crazy. Said one of them: "He's never been quite right since that time he got lost and spent the night out on the kopje. . . . He's been queer, you know—giving his rations away to the colored boys, and letting the other boys have his dot of brandy at night—and keeping himself kind of apart to himself, you know. The other fellows think he's got a touch of fever on, caught wandering about in the long grass that day. But I think it's being alone in the veldt that's got hold of him. I've been there—where you have to 'think and think,' with the 'stars up above you'; and I tell you, if I'd been left there three days longer, I'd have gone mad or turned religious." Halket had turned religious, turned Christian—taken to the life which Christ's own words teach, and it was so unlike the prevalent standards of so-called Christian people and of the church itself, that his companions thought him crazy, and most of modern Christendom would have agreed with them in it.

And here's the end Halket came to. Some of the soldiers soon found near by the wounded native, whom Christ in the vision had helped down to the water to drink. He was "hidden away in a hole in the bank" above the pond. He had been wounded by one of their shots, when they drove the natives out of the bush, several weeks before. But his wound had partly healed, so that he could crawl down to the water to drink, and catch an occasional fish to eat, and dig some roots to chew; although as one of the Colonels said, he had "that beastly scurvy look a nigger gets when he hasn't had anything to eat for a long time." But when he was now dragged up before the Captain, the Captain swore and said the man was a spy and should be hung the next morning, or shot, as sure as the sun rose. So he was tied up to a tree before the Captain's tent, tied to it so that he could not stir, with leather ropes around his legs, and around his waist and around his neck. But when they had got him thus fixed up, and the "Captain was going into his tent to have a drink," Halket boldly stepped up before the Captain and made a plea for the prisoner. How did we know that he was a spy; he seemed to be only hiding there because he was wounded, and besides these natives were men fighting for their own country—just as England

would fight the French if they invaded it—and all men were brothers, and we ought not to hang this man just because he was black, but to give him some food and send him back to his people and tell them that we hadn't come to take their land, but to teach them and love them. "It's hard to love a nigger, Captain, but we must try it, we must try it." The effect of it all on the Captain may be best described in the words of the Colonel, who tells the whole occurrence with great glee as the *funniest thing* he ever heard. "The Captain?" said he, "well, you know the smallest thing sets him off swearing all round the world; but now in his astonishment at Halket he just stood there, his eyes staring, and his face getting redder and redder, and all he could say was, 'My Gawd! My Gawd!' I thought he'd burst, and Halket stood there, looking straight in front of him, as though he did not see a soul of us all. As soon as Halket turned away the Captain started swearing, very fiercely, but he got the tail of one oath hooked on to the head of another and he finally ended by ordering that Halket 'was to walk up and down there all day and keep watch of the prisoner,' and 'the first thing in the morning Halket was to shoot him.'"

So Halket kept guard over the tied prisoner all the day, in front of the Captain's tent, but as kindly as he could, while the others were having great fun over the affair. He sent for a drink of water—not for himself, but held it up to the prisoner's lips, while the Captain was not looking. He took his share of the rations, but instead of eating it, tied it up in an old red handkerchief. He was seen to sharpen his hunting knife very carefully upon a flat stone, and in the night when the camp was still and the Captain asleep, he silently crept up, cut the bonds of the prisoner, put the food in his hand, pointed to the wilderness and told him to fly for his life. The crackling of the twigs, as the flying prisoner leaped through them, woke all the others. They rushed out and were greatly surprised at what they found; for the prisoner was gone, but Halket lay dead at the foot of the tree. Their theory was that Halket had been killed by some of the native Washones who had come and rescued their brother prisoner. But the fact was that he had given his own life, in following literally Christ's command to "Aid the oppressed, deliver the captive."

The story needs no comment, but seems to me a good sermon in itself, on the true meaning of Christianity. I do not suppose it is much overdrawn. Doubtless there are many men, both in the church and out of it, as kind, as self-sacrificing, as Christian, as Trooper Peter Halket, and the cruelties in the story are not overdrawn, for some of them, such as that blowing up of the cave by dynamite to kill the natives who had fled there with their wives and children, are literal facts in the South African wars, told also by the historian Froude and others. Read Bishop Colenso's writings about them, or his daughter's history of the Zulu war with its bold arraignment of the English conquerors for their cruelty and greed. Or read even the writers of the other side, some of whom tell of this cruelty and greed without even any apparent consciousness that it was at all improper. And still more significant is Major Leonard's book, "How We Made Rhodesia," in which the major enthusiastically praises Cecil Rhodes, and uses the following words about him: "He was a great man in every sense. A man who, to gain his end, would sweep scruple and principle out of his path without hesitation or compunction." When a man can be thus publicly praised for sweeping "scruple and principle out

of his path," it is quite significant of his work. And you remember how even the great English historian, Lecky, in his last book, "The Map of Life," most severely arraigns Cecil Rhodes and the nation that upheld him. Says he in one of the paragraphs of that book: "When holding the highly confidential position of prime minister of the Cape Colony, and being at the same time a privy councillor of the queen, he engaged in a conspiracy for the overthrow of a neighboring and friendly state. In order to carry out this design he deceived the high commissioner, whose prime minister he was. He deceived his own colleagues in the ministry. He collected under false pretenses a force which was intended to co-operate with an insurrection in Johannesburg. Being a director of the Chartered Company he made use of that position without the knowledge of his colleagues to further the conspiracy. He took an active and secret part in smuggling great quantities of arms into the Transvaal, which were intended to be used in the rebellion; and at a time when his organs in the press were representing Johannesburg as seething with spontaneous indignation against an oppressive government, he with another millionaire was secretly expending many thousands of pounds in that town in stimulating and subsidizing the rising. He was also directly connected with the shabbiest incident in the whole affair, the concoction of a letter from the Johannesburg conspirators absurdly representing English women and children as in danger of being shot down by the Boers and urging the British to come at once to save them. It was a letter drawn up with the sanction of Mr. Rhodes many weeks before the raid, and kept in reserve to be dated and used at the last moment for the purpose of inducing the young soldiers in South Africa to join in the raid, and of subsequently justifying their conduct before the war office, and also for the purpose of being published in the English press at the same time as the first news of the raid in order to work upon English public opinion and persuade the English people that the raid, though technically wrong, was morally justifiable." Further on Lecky asks indignantly, "What can be thought of the language of a minister who volunteered to assure the House of Commons that in all the transactions I have described, Mr. Rhodes, though he had made a gigantic mistake, a mistake perhaps as great as a statesman could make, had done nothing affecting his personal honor!"

And in the nineteenth century, a Bishop of the Church of England, Bishop of Hereford, quotes Lecky's censure with approval, and says: "After eighteen centuries of Christian teaching and influence in Europe, a great deal of our public life, both at home and abroad, although in the hands of Christian statesmen, is still carried on as if the Sermon on the Mount had never been spoken. In international politics," says the Bishop, "there is hardly more than a thinly veiled pretense of any appeal to the higher standards of ethical obligation or to the spirit of Christianity." The Bishop reminds us of John Bright's fitter words in 1880. Said he: "I say let us abandon our pretensions, let us no longer claim to be Christians. Let us go back to the heathen name, while we adhere to the heathen practices. Take down your ten commandments from inside your churches, and say no longer that you believe in or regard the Sermon on the Mount. Abandon your Christian pretensions or else abandon your heathen and savage practices."

No, Olive Schreiner's picture is correct enough; and it would be well now and then, on a Sunday morning, for Christians to go back with her and think what Christ himself would have said about it.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

A little handful of books still remains over from the holiday drift. One of the most beautiful, and inherently best, is "Saint Abigail of the Pines," written by William Allen Knight, and published by The Pilgrim Press, of Boston. This press is showing admirable taste. Its books are delightful to handle. This one I am reading with quiet delight and hope for more of the same sort. It is a tale of the Coast, and blends very charmingly old days with the new.

From Fox, Duffield & Co., of New York, I have something which I have very much needed, a neat, compact and very readable account of "The Old Masters and the New." Among the new masters I find included William Blake (just in the middle, between the old and the new), then Ford Maddox Brown; Millais; Burne-Jones; Meissonier; Whistler; Sargent and St. Gaudens. The book is the product of an artist, Kenyon Cox. I feel that it is almost a text book, because I get from it so much instruction. The same firm is publishing "Letters from Henrik Ibsen." This is a collection of the letters brought together by his son and translated into English. They are full of wit and humor, and literary ability. The same house also publishes a delightful book called "The Little Kingdom of Home," by Margaret Sangster—full of just that sort of stuff which every home maker will be glad to get hold of. I recommend it for a Christmas present to any woman or girl. The same house also has on its list "The Case of Russia," being a composite book, from the pens of the ablest authorities. The single article by Prof. Roberts of Yale, on "The Slavs," is worth the price of the book.

From McClure, Phillips & Co., I have the last volume of Pastor Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." This volume is entitled "The Gospel of Life"—it seems to be the gospel of every day life, and in my judgment is by far the best of all his books. In fact I think that this book might displace every one of the religious handbooks now in use. It is marvelously full of common sense, and has a delicious flavor of sympathy.

It is with great pleasure that we receive the final volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." The fifth volume brings us down to the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1899 and the accession of Edward the Seventh to the throne of England. Mr. McCarthy's style is so well known to American readers that this remarkable history needs no introduction. He is eminently a portrait taker, and has the sort of vim that belongs particularly to newspaper writers. His strong sympathies with reform and progress make him welcome on this side of the Atlantic. I do not know of any work that so completely brings us into a clear understanding of Englishmen, English ways, English politics and English prejudices. An American ought surely to comprehend his cousins. Harper Bros. own this splendid reprint, and send the five volumes out in a very neat style, with capital illustrations.

Two volumes honor and glorify the centenary of the birth of William Lloyd Garrison. Both of these are published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. One is written by Goldwin Smith, and the other by Archibald H. Grimke. Those who have the story of Garrison's life as written by his children, will still be glad to get both of these memorial volumes. I count it one of

the joys of my young days in the ministry to have received the friendship of Mr. Garrison. He was a man who made men out of some of us, and who pricked through the armor of cowards.

From the same house, that is Harper & Bros., New York, we have a series of papers on "American Diplomacy," by John Bassett Moore. I should like to see this volume in every American family. It illustrates the American spirit, as we got it from Jefferson: fair, frank, straight-forward; and as it is now illustrated by Mr. Roosevelt—when he takes time to put on his harness and not run away with himself.

From the Carnegie Institution of Washington, I have received a thoroughly magnificent volume of "Explorations in Turkestan," by Raphael Pumpelly. If this Institution can do nothing else than multiply this sort of volumes for American study, it will warrant its existence.

Dana, Estes & Co. have certainly succeeded wonderfully in their handy-volume editions of copyrighted fiction, by Laura E. Richards. The last volume is "Mrs. Tress' Will." I have enjoyed this book from beginning to end—every line of it. Its wit is as delicate as it is strong; and altogether the book constitutes a series of splendid photographs of New England character. The illustrations are more than good. I propose to have a whole set.

One of the best boys' books of the season is "Hobby Camp." I have not read it through, but I have read enough to know that it can be thoroughly trusted for quality and interest; and as a stimulus to boys and girls in the right direction. It is written by Frank H. Sweet and published by the Pilgrim Press, of Boston.

"Red Fox," one of Chas. G. D. Roberts' books, published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, was snapped up instantaneously by the young folks; and I do not know a better judgment of it than to say, I have had to go the round of their rooms and finally demand it for review. Mr. Roberts' books never run dry, because they come right out of both knowledge of and sympathy for nature.

A little volume reaches me from McClure, Phillips & Co. entitled "Bible History." I dropped it on a corner of my table with a sniff, but happening to pick it up, I find it to be Pastor Koenig's exploitation of the Old Testament, on the basis of the recent historical criticism. It is a marvelously juicy book. It resurrects the Old Testament from the pile of useless myths, and makes it a book that we can use in modern life. It is a book of evolution, and Pastor Koenig so discusses it.

Another book from McClure, Phillips & Co. is "I. N. R. I., a Prisoner's Story of the Cross," by Peter Rosegger. This is a strange book, but beautiful. The prisoner, who is supposed to tell the story, is a socialist, under sentence of death, for a crime of which he is legally, but not morally, guilty. Seeking for comfort, he turns to the life of Christ, and finding nothing but platitudes and insincerities in the tracts and books offered him, begins to write a life of the Saviour as he remembers having heard it at his mother's knee. His narrative brings the sacred story very close to us, and his vivid, homely, almost colloquial, phrases and descriptions, make Jesus, his disciples, and land of his wanderings extremely real.

E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT
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Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee to break thy promise, to lose thy self-respect, to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to act the hypocrite, to desire anything which needs walls and curtains.
- MON.—Let no act be done without a purpose, nor otherwise than according to the perfect principles of art.
- TUES.—Let thy principles be brief and fundamental which as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest.
- WED.—Consider that everything which happens happens justly, and if thou observest carefully, thou wilt find it to be so.
- THURS.—If a thing is difficult to be accomplished by thyself, do not think that it is impossible for man; but if anything is possible for man and conformable to his nature, think that this can be attained by thyself too.
- FRI.—No man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thy own nature; nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature.
- SAT.—Everything which is in any way beautiful in itself, and terminates in itself, not having praise as part of itself.
—Thoughts of M. Aurelius Antoninus.

The Farmer's Winter Morning.

The wide, white world is better still,
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)
And the dawn bites hard on the naked hill;
And the kitchen smoke from the chimney curls
Unblown, and hangs with a hue of pearls.
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)

The polished well-iron burns like a brand.
(Oh, the frost is white on the latch.)
The horses neigh for their master's hand;
In the dusty stable they paw the floor
As his steps come crunching up to the door.
(Oh, the frost is white on the latch.)

In the high, dim barn the smell of the hay
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)
Breathes him the breath of a summer's day.
The cows in their stanchions heavily rise
And watch him with slow, expectant eyes.
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)

Into the mangers, into the stalls
(Oh, the frost is white on the latch.)
The fodder, cheerily rustling, falls,
And the sound of the feeding fills the air
As the sun looks in at the window-square.
(Oh, the frost is white on the latch.)

With a rhythmic din in the echoing tins
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)
The noise of the milking soon begins.
With deepening murmur up to the brims
The foaming whiteness gathers and swims.
(Oh, the snow lies deep in the barn-yard.)

When the ice is chopped at the great trough's brink,
(Oh, the frost is white on the latch.)
The cattle come lazily out to drink;
And the fowls come out on the sun-lit straw,—
For the sun's got high, and the south eaves thaw.
(And the frost is gone from the latch.)

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

The Scandinavians held three great religious festivals in the year. The first was celebrated at the winter solstice. The principal night was called the Mother night, the one which produced all others, the most remarkable of all their epochs because from it dated the beginning of the year. This feast called Jul, hen Yeol and Yule was celebrated in honor of Frey, the Sun, in order to obtain a propitious year and fruitful seasons. Sacrifices, singing, dancing, feasting were universal.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE BOER HOME INDUSTRIES MOVEMENT.—Among the many themes available for these foreign notes, none seems more appropriate to this holiday week than the ever fascinating story of Miss Emily Hobhouse's beneficent work in South Africa. This is preëminently the season when men are moved to generous deed, as well as kindly thought, for others, and now that I am back among the home friends and the home duties I venture once more to make direct appeal on behalf of that brave, patient people, for whom we all professed such lively interest and sympathy while the South African war was raging.

It is not long, I believe, since Mr. Jones found his theme for a Sunday discourse on Democracy and Reaction in the work of that forceful young publicist, L. T. Hobhouse, a brother of our South African heroine. This discourse led to the unexpected discovery that at least one influential member of All Souls' church has known Miss Hobhouse personally. Quite a number of Americans this season made the acquaintance, at Geneva or Lucerne, of Miss H.'s cousin and devoted European aid, Mme. Evelyn degli Asinelli, and were inspired by her enthusiasm and by the letters she showed us from South Africa, and from generous coöperators in the work in Switzerland, Germany and elsewhere. The result has been that, as Mme. degli Asinelli reports, "things look very encouraging in America; splendid articles have been written and, though funds do not reach me as yet, I feel that it is a splendid sowing time." The following extracts from Miss Hobhouse's latest letters show how great the need of "funds" is, and how welcome will be any signs of an approaching American harvest. First, however, a few lines from her letter of acknowledgment to the Swiss people for the forthcoming wheels, whose number, by the way, had swelled at last accounts to 450. She writes to Mme. A.:

"News has reached me from, time to time, of your continued interest in the work, your success in it, and the wonderful way you have been supported by the Swiss people.

"I believe surely that the work is taking root and will be eventually a success. The Boers on all sides are deeply interested in my enterprise and I have many applicants I am bound to refuse. Those coming wheels will enable many more to learn. I feel a step is gained whenever a girl returns to her farm with a spinning wheel, and from thence supplies us with yarn for weaving, and teaches her brothers and sisters who are at home.

"We are just going to exhibit a lot of work at a bazaar at Pretoria."

By way of contrast to our Christmas surroundings read the conditions under which the Miss H.'s second industrial school is being carried on. The middle of September she writes:

"I have been living some six or seven weeks at Langlaagte and am beginning to see a little light in the darkness and a probable path or two through the thickets of difficulties that beset us. I am beginning, too, to get interested in my orphan pupils. Their ages range from 15 to 18. I teach them daily from 8:30 to 12 o'clock, and Constance then takes them in the afternoon. We have a helper in our Philippolis girl, Anna Müller.

"Our cow-shed schoolroom is greatly against us, and I had not worked in it many days before I saw we could not hope to do anything good in it. We had a shower of rain, the first

for about six months, and it ran all through the school, in a stream, and discharged itself under the door. The unlined corrugated iron is full of holes and does not attempt to join anywhere, and the wind and dust are insufferable. The temperature alternates from extreme cold to exhausting heat, and the floor is so uphill and uneven that our looms will not stand.

"So, in despair, I complained to Rev. Kriel, who told me he had a lined and floored school at Klerksdorp, but no money to bring it here. I offered at once to pay the railage if it could be set up in our garden, and at this moment the carpenters are away taking it to pieces for conveyance here, and I live in the hopes of seeing the work begun next week. I do not think this will cost me quite a hundred pounds, and to build would be three or four times as much. It is large and I shall be able at once to increase my pupils and my rug looms, and take in some of the girls of the district, who have hitherto applied in vain.

"We are at work now on a very handsome, large, square rug, spun and dyed by us, to carry out an order. Daily I sit at this rug, with an orphan on either side of me, the three of us working in a row.

"Meanwhile, Hester, one of our most dependable and best qualified helpers, mainly carries on the little school of knitters at Vrededorp. Her trials have been many, but she never flinches. That building, also unlined and raised on piles, admits both wind and dust from below, as well as on sides and roof. I have learnt, once for all, that unlined iron rooms are hopeless as shelters in this land. The intense heat by day and great cold at night make moisture from somewhere or other (and I can't think from where, considering everything is drought-stricken and parched), condense and fall upon the machines, rusting and spoiling them. In vain we cover with layers of cloth and oilcloth, the wet, which is nowhere else in this dry world, stands in drops upon these delicate knitters, and so much oil has to be used to make them work, that the finished garment gets oily marks upon it. Moreover, the sun is so intense that we had to move back the machines from the windows, and, consequently, the light is not good enough and the girls' eyes ache badly.

"So, our sorrow was not too great when word came that the municipality intended sweeping the entire building away, and we were relieved when Hester brought word one evening that the Christian Endeavorers of Fordsburg intended to provide us with a room, or, at least, to find one and pay half the rent thereof."

In this same letter she speaks of a possible helper she has almost providentially found. "She is a Swede, but taught spinning and weaving six years in Denmark, and ended by marrying a Dane." He, being an architect, thought there would be much house-building in South Africa after the war, so they went thither, only to find that lack of money and simplicity of construction in the average house were two elements he had failed to take into his calculation in regard to possible patrons. However, at last he found something to do, but his wife, with no children to care for, had empty days. "I found her," writes Miss Hobhouse, in a wee house, her looms quite filling the little front room. She was at work on a great piece of gobelin tapestry, very beautiful it seemed to be. She wore clothes entirely woven by herself and showed me exquisite things she had made. Particularly I was pleased with her blankets, a branch I very much desire to develop, as the duty is 20 per cent on imported ones.

"She is *very* anxious to teach for me, and being a settled resident here, it seems to me, if we can come to terms, she would be far better than procuring another teacher from home. Her terms, being influenced from Johannesburg, may be high; I fancy she will want about £15 a month, and would be quite worth it, but I am not sure if I can see my way to that salary."

Of results she writes as follows:

"Two or three more Philippolis girls have gone back to their farms from the school and will there spin and make rugs. Each of these cases makes me feel we are moving a step forward in planting the industries in the country homes. Lack of wheels keeps us back more than anything. You can imagine, therefore, how overjoyed we were at the offer from Switzerland, received this mail, offering a number of Swiss, now laid by and out of use in that country. I have at once cabled acceptance of this most generous offer, and really begin to hope that the 'shipload' of wheels I asked for actually will reach these shores."

In October she writes:

"We think our group of orphans are going on well. They are becoming very interested and excited about the whole enterprise. Their rug was finished, sent home and has given great satisfaction, another order being the immediate result. The money from these rugs I am placing to the credit of the entire group of orphans in the school, after deducting expenses of raw material, and the money will, I hope, mount up to provide each girl with a spinning wheel when she goes home, and that will enable her to go on earning by selling her yarn. The badness of our accommodation has kept us

back at Langlaagte, but the new workroom is nearly complete in the garden and I trust another ten days will see us established under the competent teaching of Mrs. Goetzsche, the Swedish lady I wrote about in my last.

"Miss Picard has been much handicapped by lack of wheels, too, but ten just arrived are going to Philippolis this week and will relieve the pressure. Her girls have made great advance under her with their spinning. The point that gives me anxiety, and will, of course, be the crucial moment, is when we have actually to disband the school and send all the pupils to their homes under no supervision. This need not be until February 15th (the end of one year's lease of the premises), and I hope and trust funds will be forthcoming to enable this Philippolis school to be kept on for one year more. Then I shall feel no anxiety. You see, the first year has been largely experimental. We have had to find out what can best be done, and with what material. Now, a second year should be spent in making girls experts in the lines which it has been found are most likely to succeed. Our aim has been, from the first, to use ultimately only the natural products of the country. The rug I am now having made has *nothing* European in it; even the warp and weft, as well as pile, we have made ourselves."

Is not this wise, far-sighted work one to appeal strongly to the sympathy of practical, efficient Americans? Is it too much to hope that, out of their abundance, some of them will secure the continuance of that Philippolis school for another year at least? Any contributions for this purpose, if sent to Mary E. Hawley, 5719 Madison avenue, Chicago, will be acknowledged through the columns of UNITY, and gratefully forwarded to its destination.

M. E. H.

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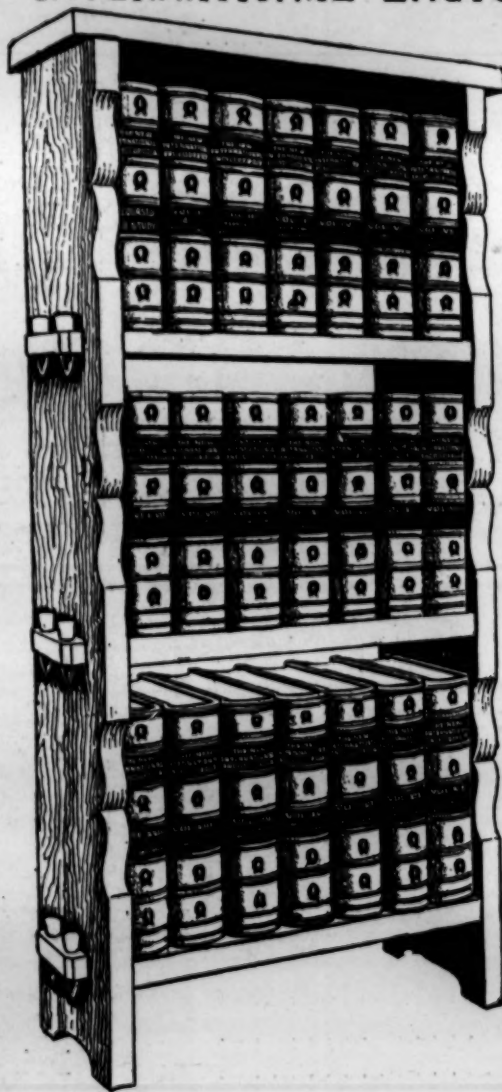
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